



IT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT: The Russians came and revealed the answer to the big question, "Where do babies come from?" Harvey Stark, Phyllis Angel, and Marilyn McConnie were featured in last night's première of the Red and White Revue.

Social Work students reject welfare request

The executive of the School of Social Work Students' Association yesterday rejected a request by social welfare agencies that students screen new applicants for social assistance during the strike by municipal employees.

The screening is usually done by the department of welfare, but has been taken up by the private agencies since the strike began four days ago.

A letter signed by the executive to the directors of the social welfare agencies yesterday affirmed that the municipal government has the responsibility to plan for and provide assistance and service to needy citizens at all times.

However the letter also termed the right of public welfare workers to demand improved working conditions and higher salaries "unquestionable."

An affirmative reply by the students to the request of the social welfare agencies would run counter to these ideas, the letter said, and "we cannot in good conscience accept the task of screening new applicants."

It suggested that emergency measures be set up to provide assistance without screening as did the New York City department of welfare in 1965.

The decision of the executive, taken yesterday, was not considered binding on the School of Social Work, which has one hundred students.

Objectivists defend status quo

Walsh condemns agitation

by JOANNE ISSENMAN

The Chairman of the Quebec Communist Party yesterday criticized anti-Viet Nam demonstrations because they do not accomplish anything.

Speaking at a Socialist Society seminar on dialectical materialism, Sam Walsh said he disapproved because revolutionaries do not necessarily make a revolution. He opposed the "voluntarist" point of view that agitation by a few individuals can produce change in a society.

Walsh also noted that even under Communism there is bound to be evolution and change. Some changes would be the shortening of the work week, the self-management of factories and provision of food and lodging for all according to their needs.

All Marxists are partisan, but nevertheless they can search objectively for the truth. Walsh said, however, that some who call themselves "objectivists" defend the status quo under the guise of being objective.

Commenting on evolution and revolution, Walsh said that "people determine their own history, but not outside the laws of society".

Speaking on dialectical materialism, Walsh called philosophy "the only way for man to develop a rapport with the world". He

commented that religion had antedated philosophy and that religion was an expression of man's impotence against nature. He said that when man conquer-

Walsh said when society developed into classes, new unknowns appeared, such as the accident of birth into a particular social class. The theory was that class division must be derived from the supernatural.

Quoting Karl Marx, Walsh commented that the basic question of all philosophy is the priority of mind or matter. Thus philosophers are divided into materialists and idealists.

He noted that the theory of dialectics stands against the mechanical and the metaphysical. It supports the doctrine of interconnection and the development of nature, society and thought.

Speaking on the relevance of Marxist philosophy in the modern world, Walsh said that man is still supreme over the machine, and thus mind is still more powerful than matter. However, he admitted that many Marxist concepts have had to be changed for today's needs.

He noted that Marxism had never set itself up as a system but as a guide.



photo by Murray Hirsh

SAM WALSH

ed the forces of nature, materialist philosophies developed.

He noted that in ancient times, the ruling classes set aside a part of the society not to work, but to concentrate on philosophy. The idea arose that thought is creative and that the material world is secondary.

PM rules out assistance to draft-dodgers' accomplices

Prime Minister Pearson said yesterday that the government will give no aid or encouragement to any student organization helping Americans come to Canada to avoid the draft.

His statement, in answer to a question by Michael Starr (PC, Ontario), followed Tuesday's vote by the Students' Council at the University of Waterloo to assist Americans who came to Canada because of the draft.

A spokesman for Waterloo said that the program would be organized by the Student Union for Peace Action, which received money in 1965 from the Company of Young Canadians, a federally-sponsored organization.

Pearson said that he was not aware of any aid, and that he felt none should be given. He said that nothing was being done to encourage Americans to avoid the draft by coming to Canada, although an American's exact

draft status would not be known to immigration officers.

Re-rescission

CALGARY (CUP) — The students' association at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology at Calgary has declared itself autonomous from the Institute's administration.

At a recent meeting, Students' Council rescinded that part of the constitution which gave the administration the right to veto student association decisions.

However, according to the rescinded article, the administration retains the right to veto the rescinding of an article of the constitution.

Article XIII, the rescinded article, gives the administration the right to revoke any student rights, and allows administration officials to rule on the eligibility of council members on other than academic grounds.

Sir George will offer new master's programs

This September, Sir George Williams University will become the first university in Canada to offer a master's degree in the teaching of mathematics. There will also be new programs leading to MA degrees in history and economics.

A primary reason for the math program is to "supply the mathematics teachers urgently needed in Quebec's schools". It will be open to students with an undergraduate degree, a teaching certificate and experience in the teaching of high school math. It is designed primarily for teachers, in contrast to most master's programs in mathematics, which train the student for research.

The economics program will concentrate on economic growth, labor economics and mathematical economics. The history program will be divided into two sections, one for Honours students and one for teachers with a bachelor's degree.

In addition, a course leading to a master's degree in engineering, set up in co-operation with the Faculty of Engineering at McGill, will be initiated in September, 1968. Students enrolled in the program will be able to take courses at McGill in addition to those given at Sir George.

The new courses will be given in the late afternoons and early evenings and will be open to both full-time and part-time students.

today

FINE ARTS SOCIETY: Exhibition of works by Cyr, Helene Laflamme, and Claude Dufourd on loan from Galerie Kaleidoscope. Union North Lounge, 327, 10 am - 7 pm.

SANDWICH THEATER: Under Milkwood by Dylan Thomas, last performance. Admission free, Union Theatre, 3rd floor, 1:05 pm.

FILM SOCIETY: Festival of war films. *Good Times, Wonderful Times*. L132, 8 pm.

PSYCHOLOGY CLUB: Dr. Scott Gardner, Professor of Psycholinguistics at SGWU, speaking on "The Development of Deductive Reasoning." L219, 1:05 pm.

CHEMICAL INSTITUTE OF CANADA: Tour to National Research Council in Ottawa. Will people who have signed up, please meet in Honours Chemistry Lounge (Otto Maass 215). 9:30 am.

SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE: An exhibition of photographs by fourth year students in the school. Exhibition Room, School of Architecture, Monday - Friday, 9 am - 6 pm.

BLUE BONNETS: Tour cancelled.

GINGKO: Everyone. Union 409, 1 pm.

YELLOW DOOR COFFEE HOUSE: Poetry reading by Prof. Henry Beissel of Sir George Williams University, Editor of *EDGE* magazine and author of *New Wings For Icarus*. 3625 Aylmer, 9 pm.

FINE ARTS SOCIETY: Sketching. Arts W130, 9:30 - 11:30 am.

CURLING CLUB: Curling at Caledonia Club, 1-5 pm.

COMMERCE JOURNAL: Meeting. Staff and all those wishing to take part in the journal should attend. 4th floor common room, Purvis Hall, 4:30 pm.

FILM WORKSHOP: Pick up film. Union 469, 1-2 pm. No meeting this Saturday, as film has not returned from processor.

ASSOCIATION AT MCGILL TO END THE WAR IN VIET NAM: Party, 1000 McGregor Street, Apt. 202 (next to the Union); 9:30 pm.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: Professor S. Pines on "Maimonides and Aristotelian Philosophy". Council room, 8th floor Leacock Building, 8:15 pm.

BOOKSTORE COMMITTEE: Meeting Union, North Lounge 327, 2 pm.

LATIN AMERICAN SOCIETY: Tertulia in Spanish. B26, 1 pm.

CFMB TOUR: Leaving Union. 7:30 pm sharp.

AUGUSTANA HOUSE: Supper, 3483 Peel, 6:30 pm.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY: Slide show - "Northern Iceland" by Alan Heginbottom, PSC 349, 1 pm.

COMPUTING SOCIETY: PDP-8 Lab. E604 2 pm.

Saturday

ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: Paint kitchen coffee. Canterbury house, 3555 University, 10 am.

COMPUTING SOCIETY: Executive meeting, Union B26.

RELIGIOUS CLUBS: "Eastern Orthodox Faith in the Modern World", very Rev. Alexander Schmemmann, Professor at Columbia University. Union 123-124, 3 pm.

SAVOY SOCIETY: Full cast rehearsal for Act 1. Union 307, 2 pm.

WUS: Committee meeting, Union 412, 1 pm.

COMPUTING SOCIETY: Executive meeting. Union, B26 at 12:00 pm. Saturday, Feb. 4.

radio mcgill
CFQR-fm 92.5 mcs

10:00 pm:
THESE THREE IN PERSPECTIVE
Tonight's show examines the men, events and ideas that have changed us this week. Particular emphasis on the ASUS course guide issue, Model Parliament, and birth control.

what's what
saturday

PHYSIOLOGY FILMS

The Department of Physiology will present five films tomorrow in the Physiology Demonstration Theatre, Room 1027 of the McIntyre Medical Building, at 10:05 am. This series, the Fourth Cardiovascular Film Festival, will include the films:

1. Movements of the rabbit's alimentary canal.
2. Stress and adaption syndrome.
3. Mitral stenosis.
4. The larynx.
5. Dynamics of alcoholism.

THE VOICE OF QUEBEC
ON VIET NAM

The Voice of Quebec on Viet Nam will hold an organizational and action-mapping meeting tomorrow in Leacock 109 at 2 pm.

The Voice of Quebec on Viet Nam is a French-English committee of Quebec individuals alarmed by the escalating war and suffering in Viet Nam.

Sir George to hold
Canada conference

The Canadian Dimension Conference on Canada and the American Empire will be held in the Henry Hall Building of Sir George Williams University from March 3-5.

Students, politicians and professors who will address the conference include NDP leader T.C. Douglas; René Levesque, former Welfare Minister; Charles Taylor, NDP candidate and Associate Professor of Political Science at McGill; Robert Cliche, Quebec NDP leader, and Gad Horowitz, of Political Science at McGill.

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Classified

HOUSING

WANTED: SUMMER SUBLET. Downtown starting May 1. Two graduate students. Write Lee Swaine, 137 University Ave. W., Waterloo, Ont.

PRIVATE ROOM one block from Sir George Williams. Kitchen and living room privileges. Ideal for professor or quiet female student. Call 849-5828.

SHARE DOUBLE ROOM on campus. \$38 monthly. Linen provided, meals available. Call 844-4029.

FOR SALE

NEW - NEVER USED maternity sweater, size small (32-34). Cable knit, wool and nylon, avocado cardigan. \$10 - 697-6506.

RIDES

WANTED: Ride to Boston any weekend in February. Call 843-5642.

GIRL NEEDS RIDE to Boston leaving Thurs. Feb. 16. Will share expenses. Call Barbara Berger 842-0829 after 7 pm.

REQUIRE RIDE TO CHICAGO, Detroit or vicinity. Wed. Feb. 15 or Thurs. Feb. 16. Will share expenses. Call Barbara: 697-1626 after 7 pm.

TYPING

EXPERIENCED TYPIST wishes to do typing at home. Will type term papers, assignments, theses, notes, etc. Reasonable prices. Please call Audrey at 481-7953 after 6 pm.

ACCURATE TYPIST will type term papers or theses. Snowdon area. Telephone 738-3428.

TYPIST, EXPERIENCED in theses, term papers, etc., seeks work at home. For information call 482-5749. Mrs. Bendit.

LOST

REWARD: Zoology 211 Lab Diagrams in hard green folder. Call Jeff, 489-2125. Reward!

ONE BLUE PLASTIC "Desert Inn" bag containing blouse, jewellery, make-up. Please call Marguerite: 671-9783 or return to Union porter.

BROWN ATTACHE CASE, initials: JDG. In Union. Please return to Union Switchboard.

BOY'S GOLD RING with "T" insert and opaque black stone. Vicinity Currie Gym or Dawson Hall. Reward. Call Tom: 738-0380.

FOUND

ROLEX WOMAN'S WATCH, near Medical Bldg. Owner owes me \$1.50 for this ad - Call 845-3461 after 6 pm.

MISCELLANEOUS

DUTCH LESSONS - Private tutoring, qualified teacher, call 844-6311, local 285. Evenings: 845-9848.

SKI A GO-GO - 50 seats of 400 left for trip to Vallée Bleue. Transportation - tow or skidoo ticket - 3 course meal - Fab Western Canadian Show Band - folk singing, sleigh ride, door prizes plus others. Complete day, \$7.50. Howie, 488-7233.

BUDDY KAYE ORCHESTRAS, Reg'd. Orchestras of all sizes, music for all occasions. Telephone 748-8370.

BABY SITTER REQUIRED for girl 1½ yrs. 45 seconds from Arts Bldg. Tues. and Thurs. 1-5 pm. Call 843-6017.

I WOULD LIKE ONE OR TWO girls to travel throughout Europe this summer. Anyone interested call 334-1340 after 6 pm.

MATURE PLEASANT WOMAN will sit with elderly or semi-invalid. References. E. Holcombe 482-1734.

MCGILL PSYCHOLOGY CLUB: presenting Dr. Scott Gardner speaking on "The Development of Deductive Reasoning" Friday, Feb. 3, at 1:05 pm in L26.

CONGRATS TO BOOB DUMB, Pres. of Douglas Hall. The Wrestler, The Fat One, The Slob, Moose at Eugene. D-42 Strikes!

ZBY WINTERAMA Auto Rally - this Sunday. For information call: 842-0882.

AMERICAN STUDENT working at Expo needs living quarters June-August. Write 142 Davis Ave., apt. 4, Brookline, Mass. Call 843-5249.

FEMALES: IN ARTS 3, "A" - "K," who haven't had an X-Ray this year report today to Health Service. Morning 9-12, afternoon 1-3.

300 North American
University Students

will be spending the coming
year in Israel
Serving Sherut La'am

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- as social workers in community development work
- as nurses, sports, art and music instructors
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WILL YOU ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE
AND BE ONE OF THEM?

Groups leaving in July and September, 1967

TO: Sherut La'am (Service to the People)

1500 St. Catherine W.

Montreal, Que. - Phone: 931-1807, ext. 61

I am a graduate - undergraduate (underline one) between 19-30 and would like you to send me, without obligation, FREE information telling how I can serve a full year in Israel for only \$670 which includes round trip fare. (A limited number of long-term loans are available. I understand a knowledge of Hebrew is not a prerequisite.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

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BALLET

FRI. - SAT. EVES., FEB. 17-18
SUN. MATINEE, FEB. 19

PLACE DES ARTS

PROGRAM: FRI. & SAT. EVES.: Aimee-
vous Bach? The Still Point; Gisele, Pas
de Deux; Les Whoops de Doo. SUN. MAT.:
Napoli; Pas d'Action; Out of Lesbos; Les
Whoops de Doo.

PRICES: (incl. tax) EVES.: \$8, \$5, \$4,
\$3, \$2.50 - MAT.: \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.
Tickets on sale: Place des Arts, CCA, 1822
Sherbrooke W. (basement); All. Pac. Travel,
4950 Queen Mary Rd.; Border's Book Store,
1188 Bernard W.; Ducharme Bookshop, 418
N. Dame W.; Sutton Place Pharmacy, 7390
Sherbrooke W.; Domino Furniture, 3515 St.
Lawrence.

Student tickets (\$1.00). Apply in person
ONLY at CCA.

Reservations: 932-2171-2234

"Eastern Orthodox Faith in the
Modern World"

by the

Very Rev. ALEXANDER SCHMEMMANN, D.S.T.

— Dean of St. Vladimir's Orthodox Theological
Seminary in New York

— Adjunct Professor at Columbia University

Time: Sat. Feb. 4th, 3 pm.

Place: Students' Union, Room 123-124

Sponsors: Canterbury Club
Lutheran Students' Movement
Newman Club
Student Christian Movement
United Church Student Fellowship



Fashion Show

The annual Winter Carnival Fashion Show will take place at 5:15 pm today in the Union Ballroom. Twelve McGill students will model winter and spring clothes from Holt Renfrew & Co. ranging from formal gowns to fur coats and ski clothes. The show will also preview new looks in coats and suits for spring.

The Stolen Goods will provide a bluesy background to Paula Painchaud's commentary. The highlight of the show will be the presentation of the new Carnival Princesses by last year's Queen, Judy Wood. Members of the Scarlet Key will escort each Princess.

Tickets will be on sale in the Union during lunch hour today and at the door. Modelling the fashions will be Allison Appelbe, Eve Aufreiter, Linda Davadel, Sylvia Heinrich, Amanda Hurtubise, Jill Leclerc, Carolyn Pearman, Rebecca Regenstrief, Erica Schacter, Rosalyn Spears, Mary Pat Stevens and Zippy Tamari.

AND THEY SING, TOO: These are the Critters, who along with Bartholomew plus 3 will provide the music at the Carnival Ball, Saturday, February 18, in the Currie Gym. The semi-formal dance is returning after an absence of four years. Tickets are \$2 per couple. There will be drawings for prizes including dinners for two, records and skis.

Letters

(Continued from page 4)

on economic policy, including some twenty distinct points, had proceeded to an important bill about Vietnam, which, astoundingly, they presented as a private member's bill, so that if it were defeated or significantly amended, their government would not fall. This can only be interpreted as an obvious scheme to keep themselves in power. The bill was subsequently amended beyond recognition. Following this, the government advanced to a bill con-

cerning China, and then went against the order paper to bring up a bill, which the Prime Minister himself admitted, lacked very important considerations.

I sincerely believe order could have been maintained had the motion of non-confidence been put at once by the speaker, and had debate continued under a Liberal or CTCM government.

Model Parliament is not necessarily a farce. With proper organization and a proper attitude, it can be a lively and interesting forum for those who are interested in Canadian politics. I regret the chaos that resulted and I hope that a more competent Governor-General will be appointed next year, and that a more reasonable attitude be taken by the members and the campus, so that Model Parliament may become a sincere institution, and not the biggest joke on campus.

Saul Ship
President,
McGill New Democrats

THE PERSON and THE FAMILY



DR. KARL STERN

Feb. 5 - Love and Maturity
Dr. Karl Stern

Feb. 12 - The Meaning
of Person
Dr. Munro Peaston
(evening service)

Feb. 19 - The Family
Mr. David Weiss

8:30 Kildonan Hall
3419 Redpath St.

THE CHURCH OF
ST. ANDREW and ST. PAUL



photo by Barry Lesser

FROM THIS BOX, into which Judy Wood, 1966 Carnival Queen is depositing a Du Maurier package, will be drawn the names of winners of \$100, \$75, \$25, and a three month supply of cigarettes. It's all part of the 1967 Du Maurier Winter Carnival Contest and the drawing will take place at the Carnival Ball.

ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5th. — 10 AM

EUCARIST

Fred Sawyer

Lecturer in Theology, Loyola College, will speak on

A Roman Catholic View on Birth Control

Canterbury House, 3555 University St.

*Salon McGill Beauty
Shoppe*

With or without appointment

455 Sherbrooke W.

(corner Durocher)

849-6929

Free Speech Movement unites Berkeley campus

By LESLIE WAXMAN

The value of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley lies not in the gains made by students in the university's power structure, but rather in the unattended consequences of the Free Speech crisis.

This view was expressed by Professor Karl W. Kreplin of the Department of Sociology at Sir George Williams University, who was a student at Berkeley at the time of the riots.

Professor Kreplin said that the most evident result of the crisis was the creation of "a sense of community" in the university environment.

"For the first time, professors' doors were opened to students. Graduate students were talking to undergraduates," he said.

Professor Kreplin said that the strong-arm tactics and duplicity of the administration — and particularly of ex-president Clark Kerr — in dealing with the student leaders of the Movement had served to enflame both faculty and previously uninvolved students.

"At one point during a student demonstration, 600 highway patrolmen, at the behest of Governor Brown, had descended on the campus, wielding night sticks and tear-gas guns and proceeded to cart protestors to jail," he said. On a subsequent occasion, Mario Savio, leader of the Movement, had been dragged from the stage by two policemen when he attempted to address a meeting of students, faculty, and administration.

Professor Kreplin said the Movement had been born when students were prohibited from campaigning on campus for politicians contesting the Republican nomination at the convention then in progress. But at the

heart of the conflict, Prof. Kreplin said, the question was of whether students should be allowed to participate in the resolution of the social issues of the day.

The university administration was, in effect, trying to prevent the student from acquiring "full political citizenship," he said.

What the university administration did in fact, was to hasten the political acclimatization of many previously apolitical students. Ultimately, "a much wider base for political activity was created."

It is this result that will probably prove to be the most significant gain of the Free Speech Movement, Professor Kreplin said.

Carnival Tickets

Carnival tickets for the performance at Place des Arts, on February 20, featuring Chad and Jeremy and the Pozo Seco Singers, go on sale today at the Union Tickets Office for \$2.50 and \$3.50 each.

Group tickets for clubs and fraternities are available, and those interested should contact Barry Feinstein today at 481-8155. Tickets for all other events go on sale throughout campus on Monday, February 6.

St. Mary's stays

HALIFAX (CUP) — In a referendum last Friday, St. Mary's University voted to remain within the Canadian Union of Students.

However, less than half of the all-male university voted. Of those who voted, 73.5% were in favor of retaining St. Mary's ties with CUS.

ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB

Dr. J. J. Deutsch

Chairman, Economic Council of Canada

"The Economic Council and its Projections"

Time: 4:15 p.m.

Date: Monday, Feb. 6

Place: Council Room,

8th floor, Leacock Bldg.

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ADMISSION FREE

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JEWISH CHILDREN'S SUMMER CAMP REQUIRES

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Assistant Waterfront Director

Arts & Crafts Specialist

Male & Female Bunk Counsellors

FOR INFORMATION PLEASE CALL

MRS. N. SHUSTER, AT 481-9552

FEBRUARY 3, 1967

The McGill Daily is published five times a week by the Students' Society of McGill University at 3480 McTavish Street, Telephone 875-5510. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash Postage paid at Montreal. Editorial opinions expressed are those of the Managing Board and not the official opinion of the Students' Council.

Printed at 8430 Casgrain St
Metropolitan Rota Offset Press Corporation 109

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who the hell can write a head and hope to be creative in what little space is allotted when ya hafta mention 50 million goddam sportstuffers? haimy, scribe, norm, seymour, ralph, murray, derek, barb and that cursed ace say i can... well, i won't hahahaha then there's Q who says they're no fun to read anymore... I don't see you down here at 5 am... stick with joes-two, photogs b & m, danny, and VIV who has enough pride to care... good luck, wasp... GEORGE, hoist the sail, we head for the land of nod cursing sports all the way... PETE

Behind the throne

The Problems of Canadian independence seem to have reached the inner sanctum of this country's opinion-makers, the most recent case in point being Maclean's incisive profile on Dalton Camp. Among other statements, the writer of this piece came up with the rather belabored remark about how Dalton would have understood John F. Kennedy where Diefenbaker did not. If this is true, then Dalton Camp really belongs in the Liberal Party. If it is not, then the writer made many assumptions about Canada which were totally unwarranted.

Although the tendency among political pundits seems to be an international glorification of JFK, this particular line is neither very appealing nor very applicable to Canada. Kennedy was the height of American liberalism, its pièce de résistance — all Hollywood, PR and oodles of money. Let us remember that Kennedy did authorize the Bay of Pigs invasion, increased American

participation in Viet Nam and appointed Dean Rusk, who backed MacArthur in the early fifties and advocated bombing China, as Secretary of State. His real achievements amounted to a lot of glamor and a legacy of charismatic indulgence that nobody, especially the world opinion makers, seems to have gotten over. West Germany's JFK, Willy Brandt, has recently led the Social Democrats into co-operation with the Christian Democrats in the name of a great German alliance, rather than accept the support of the Free Democrats in a coalition government.

If there is one thing that makes Canada appealing it's the idea that a Ronald Reagan could not get elected here. Hopefully our political culture and our political system operate on something more than pure image. Despite Dalton Camp's background in advertising, even he must know that youth and image will not go over very well in Canada.

Canada is not a liberal country, and the recent divisions in the Conservative Party have resulted in encouraging signs that we are moving more in the direction of class politics. The expected deposition of Mr. Diefenbaker from the leadership of that party has already resulted in an increase in NDP support to the point where recent Gallup polls have shown its position to equal that of the PCs. The loss of Mr. Diefenbaker will also reduce whatever radical appeal the Conservative Party still retains. Mr. Diefenbaker emphatically did not speak Mr. Kennedy's language when he refused to compromise Canadian sovereignty and accept nuclear weapons. The Liberals won an election on this issue. If Mr. Camp really does speak JFK's language, then the Conservatives are in a sorry state.

Mr. Camp, however, has on occasion come out against the continental drift of the Liberal Party. He too has spoken out about the necessity of asserting Canadian nationalism. If the nationalism is still in the JFK style, however, it might mean more the occasional nationalism that the Liberal Party now asserts in the Mercantile affair, when the interest of not only the nation but also the Anglo-Saxon banking elite of the country is threatened.

It would seem that the issue in Canadian politics is finding an alternative to the path of Liberal continentalism we so druggedly follow. With the fall of Diefenbaker, the burden of formulating this alternative falls more on the New Democrats than the Progressive Conservatives of Dalton Camp. The Maclean's writer may have been more prophetic than he thought.

LETTERS

The War Is Older Than I Am

Dear Sir,

In only a week, no guns will be firing throughout Viet Nam. Bombs will not be dropping. Vietnamese blood will not be flowing and Vietnamese flesh will not be blowing apart. Men will come up from tunnels, come out from jungles, of isolated posts; some will return to their families, many will only be able to take a sip of tea with a pack of marmalade sent from home while guarding the front line, some others just will not be able to enjoy being on earth any more. Once again, every Vietnamese will wish the best things to everybody else and avoid bad words during the first three days of the year. Once again, he will suddenly realize his internal enemies are just the ones who have most things in common with him. That's TET. That's the day that 32 million Vietnamese altogether will think of the same things, dream the same dreams.

Four thousand Tet's have passed since the Vietnamese founded their country. There have been times when the prosperous Vietnamese celebrated it for an entire month.

"January is the month of genius" as an old Vietnamese folksong says. There was the victorious Tet of 1799 when King Quang-Trung defeated 200,000 Chinese troops at

Hanoi in just a night, so that his countrymen could celebrate Tet in time. There have been glorious Tet's when Vietnam was still a dominant power in South East Asia, with fireworks, firecrackers and festivals in every village. There have been also war-time Tet's, resistant Tet's, Tet's while under domination, there have been Tet's when the Bankrupted Vietnamese populace could not afford more than 7 days, 3 days, or even 1 day without going into debt. Despite invasions, despite the tide-wave of exotic cultures and the collapse of the old morality, Tet survives as an eternal symbol of Vietnam's vitality, unity, and self-confidence.

Many people have asked me why Vietnamese students here don't do anything about the war in their country. I know these merely want instant, violent reactions, because really we are doing a lot. Some of us are bewildered by the complexity of the politics. But the main reason is we have great confidence in our future. Anyhow, Vietnam will surpass all difficulties. And we see ahead a hardened, competent, energetic people with the experience of decades of struggle. The war is older than I am. It's not the only big one we have fought. Termination of our present suffering is our purpose, so is a powerful, advanced, unfearing Vietnam. Haste does not accomplish great things; calmness and determination do.

In the meantime, there are many things we can do and we

must do right here. Vietnamese students in Canada as a whole and in McGill in particular, have not cooperated, have not got cooperation, and have not been allowed to cooperate enough. Although most people I have met are very kind, there are still misunderstandings, there are still distrusts, there are still prejudices.

A century ago, Frenchmen came and told us to open our ports and our values with warships and troops. Now we will suggest to unfriendly people to open their hearts as well as their eyes by showing that we can do as much for them as they can do for us.

Let the coming Lunar Year bring glory and peace to Vietnam and understanding to the entire world.

Pham Duc Mau, B.Eng. 3

The Old Ball Game

Dear Sir,

After participating in Model Parliament for the last two days, I feel that some advice to the Selection Committee which chooses the Model Parliament Chairman are in order.

This year's chairman, Mr. Harvey Schachter, abruptly declared the Model Parliament for 1967 finished in the middle of the evening, immediately after a vote of non-confidence in the Liberal government had been moved, but before the vote could be taken. Since he stated no reason for this action, I can

only assume he feared that the Liberals would be defeated.

His action, although theoretically within his powers as "Governor-General", actually represents an abuse of power tried only once in Canada by a real Governor-General, when it was overwhelmingly repudiated by the Canadian people in the 1926 election. On a student level, his action means that an activity costing McGill students several thousand dollars (rightly or wrongly) is ridiculed by being abandoned in midstream.

Surely next year, Model Parliament should not be run by an individual capable of saying in effect "If my team can't win, I'll take my ball and go home".

J.M.S.

A Big Joke

Dear Sir,

The level of discussion at Wednesday night's Model Parliament was simply disgusting to the members who were unfortunate enough to be sitting, as well as to the few spectators who were able to stick it through to the end. Point of order followed point of privilege without end for what seemed like hours, and the business that should have been discussed either was forgotten about or just never came around. The conduct of the two speakers, both students at McGill, was almost unbelievable, considering the respected positions they were expected to hold. At one point, the Deputy Speaker joined the ranks of one of the

opposition parties, and proceeded to give a long speech about the Greek meaning of "cuni", informing some "honourable" member in some foreign language that he should "grow like a onion with his head in the ground". Both speakers continued to recognize interruption after interruption of every member who tried to give his views. The result was chaos, as could be expected.

This is not to say that Model Parliament should not be a place for satire or humour, but order and respect for the chair must be maintained.

The question of the blame for the mess that was Model Parliament must be posed. I do not feel that the speakers can themselves be held responsible; their lack of personal prestige or experience could not have led to much more order. I feel much more blame lies with the Governor-General, who, with months of preparation time, was unable to come up with a known personality or even a respected professor to act as speaker for Wednesday's session. The blame also lies with the members sitting, who took advantage of the lack of order to create more and more of a mess.

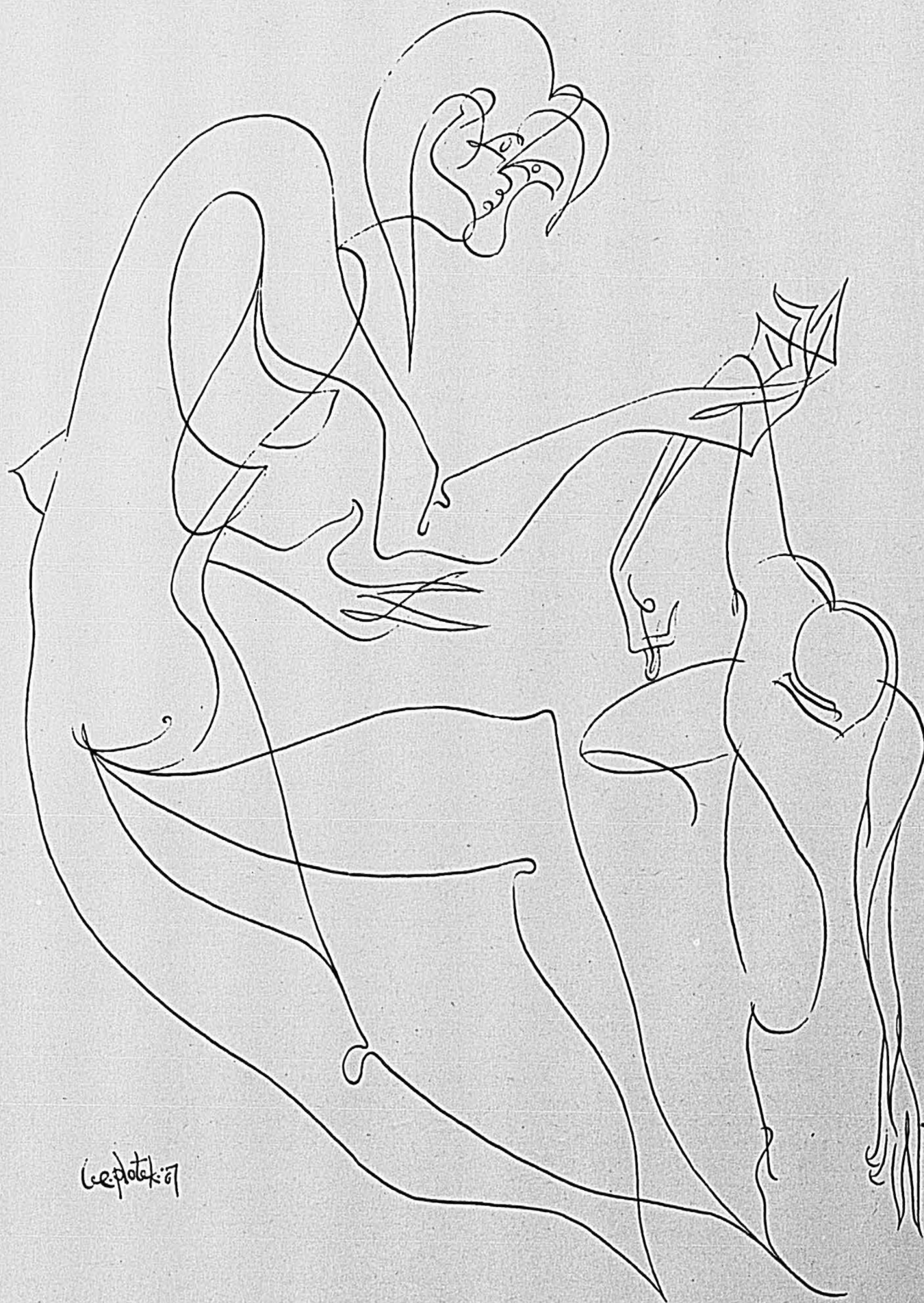
I do not believe that the motion of non-confidence in the Liberal government, moved by a member of the NDP, which directly led to the collapse of order was unwarranted. The Liberals, after disposing of the NDP government after one hour's debate on a white paper

(continued on page 3)

The Review

McGill Daily Supplement

FEBRUARY 3, 1967



Literary Issue

First Prize Prose

The Wedding of the Brilliant Sam

by K.V. HERTZ

You don't expect me, Seymour Glatt, a resident of futuristic Montreal in the mid-sixties to believe in demons, do you? But if I did, I'd swear there was one who's made it a career to rack me in the most excruciating way. It always waited — as if it had unlimited time on its hands — for just the most awkward moment: just at the instant I struck the clinching argument of a debate; or just at the critical point of an intricately-engineered seduction; just when, for an instant, I let my guard slip. Then it pounced. It never missed. It jabbed straight into my most sensitive spot — right on the button. My teeth would grit like vices, my nose snivelled, I cringed to dwarf size, my lips frantically mumbled palaver, my bowels rumbled like a muted war film — if I could, I would have crawled into the nearest, blackest, deepest closet on hand and hide beneath piles of plump bath towels and stern white bed sheets. My fellow disputants stared in goggle-eyed amazement; the girl suddenly remembered she absolutely had to be home early. I had flubbed it again. I told him everything — but even Breuer, my psychiatrist, still couldn't comprehend what I told him about my personal demon. He merely switched vocabularies to hallucination, complex, fixation. But for me, logic notwithstanding, it tormented me. And it led me to the most excruciatingly embarrassing moment I have ever lived through. I'll never forgive myself for losing control to it at that crucial moment. And neither will Beverly and Sam, the bridal couple. In fact, they haven't said a word to me since. Even my brother Phil, who was best man, has been acting towards me with undertones of reservation since that episode — even beneath that veneer of fraternal amity.

I blame myself all the more because I could have predicted it. Not the long, drawn-out precipitating event. That happened just by chance. But my reaction — that could have been predicted.

It was that demon again. It's been with me since childhood. It was that fiendish demon that lured me into opening the repeatedly passed-down grandfather clock. After unscrewing the front and removing the time-card, I should have been satisfied just to behold the milliard tiny micro-ratcheted parts performing their little mechanical minuet to the rhythm of the pendulum. But no, the demon egged me on, practically manipulated my unscrewing fingers by itself. It was only when I sat bamboozled on the den carpet, surrounded on each side by brimming galaxies of watchworks, and I heard the threatening footsteps of my father approach in the hall, that I realized the true horror of that demon who controlled my soul.

As time passed I grew older and, hopefully, wiser. But, at the same time, the demonic imp grew in fiendish sophistication. First it demanded only simple tasks. At fourteen, it got me to take apart a microscope belonging to my closest friend on the pretext of cleaning it. Then, when all the dismantled parts lay immaculate and glinting on a neat bed of absorbent tissue for drying, the

demon contrived to make some of the lenses disappear while I wasn't looking. My frantic search was futile. The gleaming, transparent lenses had disappeared, right into thin air!

As time went on it got worse and worse. If a school-mate lent me his prized Parker pen because my ballpoint had run out in the middle of an exam, it had mysteriously disappeared by the time all the papers had been collected. Where could it have gone? I had been rooted to the seat for the entire interval — except, perhaps, for an incidental visit to the washroom. It couldn't have just vanished into thin air — its owner angrily maintained. But even at the most violent peak of his anger, I could not disclose the extenuating circumstances, nor the true identity of the villain behind the disappearance — my demon.

Transgressions such as these are accepted cheerfully only up to a point. Even my most tolerant friend flinched when I shamefacedly confessed that the pet rabbit I had been keeping for him had somehow eaten its way out of its sturdy aluminum cage, leaving no trace but a trail of sampled hydrangis leaves. Even the most loyal companion was forced to have inevitable second thoughts when his complete collection of rare tropical butterflies, amassed by his Uncle Sedgwick in Buenos Aires, mysteriously sprang their formidable black pins and fluttered off in a myriad flock towards the American border. It happened too many times for people not to put two and two together and, not having included demonology in the rival hypotheses, coming to the conclusion that Seymour Glatt was downright irresponsible.

And so I was branded, due to no fault of my own, as Seymour Glatt, the Irresponsible. In some ways the appellation was to my own advantage, for it saved me from myself — or, at least, from the demon that sometimes controlled me. Now that I was Seymour Glatt the Irresponsible everyone was forewarned. Now no one would lend me his expensive Parker pen, or board his pet parakeet with me while he vacationed. Being forcibly excommunicated from other people's possessions seemed to chasten my demon somewhat, for it then appeared to go into a state of somnolence, exercising its fiendish lusts only on the occasional pocket watch or directional compass which fell into its reach. But its somnolence had come too late. Seymour Glatt had now been branded with an image, and the vile demon had now interposed its mischief between myself and my fellow mortals. I was now considered something of a walking nuisance and, no matter how hard I tried to fight the image — by putting together model planes, jig-saw puzzles, erect- or sets — I didn't succeed in dispelling it in the slightest.

The demon had another reason for its somnolence. At this point in my life, my brother Philip — who was about three years older than myself — began to be an important influence on me. I had always looked up to him somewhat,

First prize Poetry

by George FARKAS

POP ART

Elijah rode a wooden cart
through the burning heavens
(and saved Enoch from his plight).

Enoch, a slave in the tavern,
serving beer and old wines,
in (new bottles and) dirty glasses
could only see the dirt piled up
in the corner and under
the wall-to-wall green carpet.

But Elijah took the orange-peel
and the empty tin can in the burning sky,
and in front of Enoch's eyes,
they became a work of art.

TO JAGDIP

There is no escape, Jagdip,
and you know
how this world
turns on its head,
laughs
at silly men
proclaiming the beauty
of the lilac trees.
We laugh too.

This is not the time
for gods.

But Jagdip,
Trinidad, not India,
is home.
Trinidad
is home.
Do you see
the fishermen
trampling
along the shore?

The city is
a cigarette butt
in your hands.
No girls
who come
to the apartment
to talk
and feel nature
talk back
with silence.

The loudest noise
is the crackling
of the ashes
of the burning city.

Trinidad is home,
and poetry
is a muddy path
near the place
where the pandit
sits and talks.

but from a distance. I admired the way his neatly-manicured hands could set the dials of clocks without being irresistibly tempted to unscrew the casing and observe the entrails that palpitated within. For him, it seemed, a clock was not a mere unintelligible organism whose jewelled workings he itched to fathom, but a masterful sergeant-major — one that, in the morning, brought him to attention with a ferocious ring, strictly allotted the time available for breakfast and early-morn-

ing contemplation, marched him out to the university campus, marched him back, ticked like a rousing military band for him as he pored over his studies, and then martially informed him, in a mechanical reveille, that it was time for bed.

There was another thing I greatly admired about my brother Philip: he was a philosopher. I mean, he was in Honours Philosophy at McGill University and one of the top students — second,

Daily Literary Contest — Prose Awards

First Prize: K. V. HERTZ, "The Wedding of the Brilliant Sam"

Second Prize: Nancy ELKIN, "Nothing for Nothing"

Honourable Mention:

Harry FOX, "Creativity — The Collision of Two Worlds"

The judges of this year's Daily Literary Contest were a group of graduate students and lecturers in the English Department. The hope was expressed that the very small number of prose entries does not reflect a lack of student interest in this medium as a creative art. It was their wish that this contest may help to unharness the imagination of campus writers and stimulate them to produce more and better prose literature.

actually, only to his perennial companion Sam Gottlieb who lived down the street. I, Seymour Glatt the Irresponsible, had been uncereemoniously kicked out of high school the year before for repeatedly dismantling the fixtures in the boys' bathroom and was now penitently laboring as an assembler in an appliance factory, frantically trying to starve out my demon. I, Seymour Glatt, the Irresponsible, was not destined to briskly march through the hallowed Roddick Gates on the Great tree-lined mall of the McGill University campus, my rosy, eager face pointed towards the inspiring spectre of an erudite sun reassuringly rising once more over the decomposing Arts Building. Nevertheless, I never quite relinquished a token interest in the arcane glories of higher education, especially as I sat quietly, unnoticed in some corner, listening to the erudite discussions of my brother Philip and his gold-en-haired friend the Brilliant Sam.

"You just should have seen the look on Johnston's face after he read my paper 'A Reevaluation of Feuerbach's evaluation of Boredom as a central Idea in Hegel's Dialectic'." The Brilliant Sam smugly partook of a sip of tea. His face had turned absolutely pink with enthusiasm. "I swear, he was so impressed he could've kissed my ass. If I don't get the Warde-Klixon award this year, it'll be a miracle."

My brother agreed. And, sure enough, by the end of the year, the Brilliant Sam had been awarded the Warde-Klixon Scholarship "for the most original work by an undergraduate in the field of philosophy." But that wasn't all. Sam also managed to pick up three more awards, true, not as substantial financially, but morally encouraging nonetheless.

When the school year ended, the Brilliant Sam went to his annual summer job as an office helper in the advertising department of Kleinman's grocery chain. "It's a fantastic job, Glatt," I heard him bellow to my brother. "A positive sinecure. I sit and read philosophy all day. Practically the only work I get to do all week is to open my pay-check envelope."

Philip listened glumly. The Brilliant Sam had creamed off the major academic awards for the department, leaving only a token prize for my brother which amounted to little more than loose change. And Philip was sweating through the summer in a downtown men's clothing store for fifty bucks a week.

"He's a little liebling of the gods." I heard my brother privately remark about the Brilliant Sam after he had made his exit. "He never seems to study and he takes all the top honours. He just opens his hands and fat scholarships fall in by the dozen. He needs a

summer job and he lands an absolute sinecure. I just don't know how he does it."

The Brilliant Sam was a frequent visitor throughout the early months of that summer. In the evenings, after work, he and my brother Phil would gather in the kitchen over a pot of tea, smoke Erinmore pipe-tobacco, eat pears and chew over the virtues and failings of the various Canadian, American and British Graduate Schools they hoped to attend. The Brilliant Sam, in these situations was and inexhaustible talker and a prodigious eater of pears. Sometimes, in the same evening, he could tear gaping holes through the philosophy departments of Harvard, U.C.L.A. and Oxford while, at the same time, converting an immense mountain of Bartlett pears into an insignificant stubble of seeds, stems and rejected spoiled morsels. But though I patiently waited, and quietly audited their discussions at every opportunity, I never once heard them actually discuss philosophy, except in terms of grants, universities and fellowships and I unhappily concluded that their moments of passionate concern with its dark riddles were too precious to take place in public, with my untutored self listening in.

Then, one night in August — about a month before the University was slated to reopen — the Brilliant Sam abruptly failed to show up. For months he had been a permanent fixture of the house; now, suddenly, he was scarcer than U235. The evening seminars were, from that night on, suspended and the local consumption of tea and Bartlett pears dropped drastically. It was not until several weeks later that the Brilliant Sam unexpectedly dropped by in great excitement. "Guess what?" he snorted. "I have just lost my virginity. Listen, Blatt, it was fantastic, absolutely transcendental. I recommend it to you some time."

Brilliant Sam's new love, he informed us, was Rich Beverley Goldbloom, a history student at McGill. She was, we learned later, the fourth and only unmarried daughter of a family of prosperous German Jews who had shrewdly emigrated to Montreal in 1936, taking with them the whole of the substantial family fortune which had wisely been deposited in Swiss Banks. Arriving in Montreal, they proceeded to make their money multiply in geometric leaps and bounds through a series of skillfully handled real-estate transactions. By the time the Brilliant Sam had met Beverley, the Goldblooms were multi-millionaires.

They were also well past middle age. Beverley was the daughter of their old age, and she seemed unconsciously to suggest this fact by a certain heavy look of advanced maturity, of a lack of freshness which often appeared on her

otherwise youthful face. She was also a problem to her parents, a prodigal daughter who was obviously brilliant, but with little initiative made little headway at Harvard or the succession of other famed universities to which her parents had sent her. When the brilliant Sam met her, she had been reduced to majoring in history at McGill University in her home town.

After this, the Brilliant Sam would appear only rarely, always accompanied by Rich Beverley. Conversations during these infrequent visits would be awkward and inhibited. The large pile of Bartlett pears that had been carefully laid out would be sampled without gusto, leaving only a perfunctory nip on a few pears. Even the tea was not downed by the potful as formerly, but only in maidenish little quarter-cupfuls. Everyone seemed uncomfortable as he forced himself to bring up another morsel of academic chitchat. Even Seymour Glatt was bored. The vacuous tension of those evenings stirred up old lusts within me. I was racked by terrible temptations to dismantle a tape-recorder, a phonograph, Philip's Underwood typewriter.

I wanted to get into Rich Beverley's purse and spew out the contents; I wanted to know what the Brilliant Sam kept in the neat Samsonite attache case he always carried with him. It took a truly heroic effort to keep these passions in check, to conceal them by carefully dissecting a pear, layer by layer, while pretending I was only finicky in my eating habits. The conversation was becoming positively embarrassing. Nobody seemed to be able to think of the slightest thing to say. Then Rich Beverley retired into the powder-room for what seemed like a very long time. "She's terribly constipated," explained the Brilliant Sam. "Sometimes she doesn't go for weeks. How's it coming dear?" he yelled in her general direction.

As I said, Sam and Beverley were infrequent visitors. But around the house they were certainly making headlines. "Sam and Beverley have gone to her parents' estate on Long Island for a two-week vacation," my brother announced. "Beverley and Sam have flown to California to visit her grandfather." "Sam and Beverley have announced their engagement." "Mr. Goldbloom has bought Sam a new convertible." "Sam has been given a thousand-dollar-a-month charge-account at Eaton's department store." "Mrs. Goldbloom chose an apartment for them in the Edwardian Towers. They said it was the cheapest apartment she would stand for, but I've never seen anything so opulent."

Then the fateful Sunday of the wedding arrived. It was to be a private ceremony in the Rabbi's study in an exclusive Westmount temple. Brother Philip was to be best man and was quite excited at the prospect. That morning, he made the couple a nuptial breakfast which I was not permitted to attend. "For my part, I'd invite you," Philip explained. "But you know Sam and Beverley — they like to be alone." "Yeah", I said, "like a couple of hermits."

All evidence points to the fact that the nuptial breakfast was a tremendous success judging from the left-overs I found when I finally entered the kitchen after ten o'clock. Tons of bagels had been consumed, with lox and cream cheese. There were two empty quart bottles of orange juice and a quarter of a pound of butter becoming rancid in a plate. "At least they could have cleaned up the mess," I thought.

After I had cleared away some of the rubble, I noticed a note from Philip. "Dear Seymour," it said. "Sam has generously decided that you may come to the service. It's at three o'clock. If you're coming, please be punctual and make sure you look presentable."

At two minutes before three I was rushing frantically up the steps of the Golden Blossom Temple. I was wearing my only suit, an inappropriately grey one which was one or two sizes too large and covered me like a baggy potato sack.

My shirt collar, on the other hand, was too small. I had fastened it on by the dint of sheer force and it squeezed my windpipe so tight I could hardly talk. And anyways, I was afraid to say a word — for, odds were, the button would give way at the slightest provocation. My tie — I had spent almost half an hour trying to figure out how to make a proper knot — was constantly loosening. And, anyways, I don't think it matched either. The black, chauffeured limousines at the entranceway intimidated me, but I was determined to act casual, as if the wedding was only one more notch in a hectic round of opulent social functions.

The interior of the synagogue was a bewildering maze of doors and corridors. I made an exploratory sortie down one of these. There was a heavy, impressive-looking door at the end of it which I timidly pushed open. A bright flash of light blinded me. By the time I

(Continued on page 8)

Daily Literary Contest — Poetry Awards

First Prize: George FARKAS, "To Jagdip" and "Pop Art"

Second Prize: Lazar SARNA, "Magician"

Third Prize: Alex URQUHART, "Metro Encounter I and II"

Honourable Mention:

Raymond CHIPENIUK, "Camusurd"

Harry FOX, "The Funeral"

Albert KATZ, "Phoenix"

David KAUFMAN, "Do You Smoke After You Eat?"

In contrast to the prose selection a large number of poems were submitted to this year's contest. Although the judges generally agreed as to which were the best poets, they found that their judgments differed considerably as to which were the best poems. A consensus was reached after some deliberation. Unlike last year, the genre of political and protest poetry was well represented, although no such poems were awarded prizes. The absence of experimental poetry, however, was marked.

Second Prize Prose

Nothing for Nothing

by Nancy ELKIN

What to do, he thought, when we find ourselves so very much behind that we despair of ever catching up. She has my life by the neck and is running ahead of me so fast that I'm likely to stop here in exasperation.

They walked into the theatre arm in arm, her grin a wicked menace to him as ticket man dropped their stubs in the box. And sitting beside her he felt that she was having a great joke with herself over his discomposure; she could somehow never be possessed.

"You know, I'm shy to take your hand in a movie. Isn't that ridiculous?" If she doesn't stop grinning like that, he thought, I'm going to strangle her.

She giggled in mock coyness and grabbed his hand. He was desperately annoyed.

"This is crazy; you actually manage to embarrass me."

"Well. If you don't want me to hold your hand, I won't." Her sudden looking-away sank his heart into vile irritation. Look here, he thought, we have enough trouble making it without biting off our own heads. Wilfully he put his arm around her and nearly jerked her against him. It made her laugh, much to his surprise, and his mood abruptly dissipated. He watched the movie.

Later they walked down Ste. Catharine street through the crowds on the sidewalk all proclaiming Saturday night.

"Where would you like to go?"

"Let's stop at that café on Peel where all the students hang out. I feel like feeling old."

"You're silly."

"It's your fault; you put me under all sorts of bad influences." That's certainly true, he thought.

She seemed to like the café enormously. As usual she did not notice any of the attention their appearance caused; she was able to imagine, he supposed, that being the gay observer in some way excluded her from the possibility of being herself observed. He, of course, was not so unselfconscious, and it humiliated and exposed him to their curiosity to know that he was carefully masking his glance upon her hair as they moved to a table.

"This is an easy place," she said.

"What do you mean, easy?"

"Very comfortable — you know — and vaguely familiar."

"Everything for you is 'vaguely familiar'. I wonder that you never become frightened that someday things may begin to startle you by not being at all familiar."

"God, what a highbrow way to look at it. I only meant that it isn't strange to me, not that I recognize it."

"O.K., I apologize. I guess I'm stepping all over your feet tonight." He hesitated before saying this; he could not tell whether she was likely to be intimate with him or merely scornful.

"You are, but don't let it bother you. It isn't bothering me." She grinned at him once more in a way that was undoubtedly meant as reassurance but only served to unnerve him further, and then she looked over at the singer who had just come on. Something in the

way the upper part of her turned outward moved him, and he was aware of a sly desire which he allowed to rise slowly up. He was not comfortable, but he did not feel sufficiently undeserving of torment to want to leave yet.

"I was very amused the other night at your house by your crazy mother, insisting that I get my money's worth out of you." His words called back her attention.

"Yah, she can make things difficult, can't she. I never know what she wants next."

"That's sometimes how I feel about you." He looked down, since not being entirely sure of her left him not knowing how far he could really go. It seemed as if she wasn't very likely to drop any clues.

"How can I ever make things clearer to you? I'm a woman; my moods, to use your phrase, 'aren't consistent'. Sometimes I just feel like playing with you." She really smiled this time. "Do you think my baiting is so very cruel?"

You bitch, he thought, but did not say so. "I admit that it makes life interesting. I've got so tired of being the strong maneuvering male that it's sort of a relief to have somebody else call the shots." Which doesn't really save me from her, though, or from the particular agony of our situation.

They left when the singer stepped down, as they would have had to wait an hour for the next group of performances, and he was suddenly restless. They walked uphill towards his apartment, in which direction they both seemed to watch themselves move. Their smallest action appeared this evening to have hugely symbolic overtones, and he tried in vain to read the meanings he wished for from them.

"Will you come up for a drink?"

"Yes, of course."

Her reply was a reminder of the last time she had visited him. That time she had, in fact, only stayed for a drink, and he remembered his immense disappointment when after she left, he locked the door behind her feeling that he was shutting out as well any possibilities of recall.

"You're not being reticent with me tonight," he said.

"I haven't any reason to be. Am I usually?"

"Don't you feel how much we're threatened by each other? Sometimes I think we're so much at each other's mercy that we almost need a referee."

"Oh, come on, I'm not all that bad. You just misread me." It seemed impossible that her mood would ever sober up, and that meant that he would have another chance to absolve himself for his own damped spirits. He could always count on her to thrill him when he most needed to be thrilled.

He lived in a rather upper-class apartment building for which, whenever she was along, he felt unaccountably guilty. He hid away from her luxuries that he could never afford to have with her. She didn't release his arm as he searched his pocket for his key, something she did that he liked very much. Necessity didn't govern her actions. She was

Second Prize Poetry

MAGICIAN

by Lazar SARNA

While the tamers threw me a commercial,
I raced through the sutures of my skull
and fell in the gutters of my brain
to write something in the fluids.

While the fingers picked the steel guitar
[cords

Like ants going
for the eyes, I sprouted fly wings
and grew a million hexagon eyes to
[write

A tarsal note in puddles.
While I mixed some milky lines with
[vinegar,

I ran through the snow curdling on the
[ground

hitting snowflakes like birdies,
and scrawled something on the frost
[limbs.

While the volcano threw up in the
[hospitals

I made an arabesque on the lava stage
and while the patients clapped for
me hiding behind the curtains, I was
[really not there

Backstage, but in a linen factory
[writing something

On the squares of woven fibres.

ever the prey of impulse and consequently the master of him.

As the door swung open she slipped in ahead of him and skipped from room to room turning on all the lights while he stood watching with a wry smile. He shut the door, hung his overcoat in the closet, and called towards the back of the apartment, "I guess you better fix the drinks. You beat me to it." He could already hear her searching through his kitchen for the right ingredients, so he dropped onto the couch and turned on the television.

"You look very domesticated," she said as she came in with some cake she had evidently dug out of an old corner of his pantry. "If I didn't know you better I might even think you were married, the way you're sitting there."

"I suppose I might just as well be. I'm already husband-oriented."

"Don't sound so reluctant, honey. You can fly away any time you want to. I'm my own girl." She said this casually, indulging him. He could not tell, though, how willing she was to compromise herself. It left him mired in a seething frustration which he suspected he was too much of a coward by habit to ever pull himself out of. He hoped eagerly that he was wrong.

She sat down and handed him his drink. He tensed, feeling the immediacy of her presence, and he determined not to be sullen with her.

"I'm glad tomorrow's Sunday," he said, trying to engage her awareness of his feelings.

"So am I. We can sleep in."

He stared at her in surprise, hoping that he had taken her words the right way. The look on his face must have been more astonished than he realized, because she laughed.

"Don't look at me that way," she said, still laughing. "Exactly what did you think you'd have to go through to seduce me?"

He couldn't believe she was serious. It seemed as if she'd known all along that she was going to stay the night, and had only been toying with him. He had yearned for so many months to be able to awaken by her in the morning without hopelessness hanging over them that somewhere along the line he had really, after all, come to

accept that hopelessness. And the fact that she understood this, however tacitly, led him with a wildly delighted amazement to believe for an instant that now anything would be possible.

Towards midnight when the noise from the rest of the building had become somewhat more subdued and after he had cleared away their glasses and gone around turning off lights he looked into the bathroom and said, "It's funny finding you here. I don't quite know what to make of it." He shrugged. "I'm unable to anticipate the things you choose to do next."

"I'm not worried," she said. She was brushing her teeth with his toothbrush. "No one's really trying to get away with anything."

He felt that she did not want him to say anymore, that he was being a bit overbearing and objectionable, but he went ahead with it anyway. He was somehow being made to feel mercenary, and he wanted to know if she felt that way also. Leaning against the wall next to the sink, he folded his arms and watched as she moved, very at home with her own body, from the running water to the towel rack behind her and dried her face.

"Why do you think I'm so deceitful?" she asked him. "You're only complicating things."

"I'm being wrongheaded, I can see it too," he said. "I just wish that there was some way for me to know how much of what you do is what I've talked you into doing." Saying this he realized he was trying to get her to react to his power. He wanted very much to win her over.

She swung around to stare at him. "Are you kidding? I do things by my own free will, buddy. I'm not being cheated and I'm not poor, either."

This made him willing to stop pushing her. "I love it when you're toughminded with me. It means that I can give up and let you have your own way; I'm going to get mine anyway."

She grinned again, reminding him of her earlier inaccessibility, and moved to the door. As she passed him, he put his hand on her back so that he could feel her voice vibrating inside her when she spoke, and pushed her out of the bathroom. Reaching for the lightswitch he caught himself thinking with sudden assurance that at this point she would not be hard to arouse.

Prose Honourable Mention

Creativity — Collision of Two Worlds

by Harry FOX

I had not seen very much of my friends that summer although we were living quite close to each other. We had arranged to meet in a small cabin and were randomly discussing the modern arts. I showed them a naive, but perhaps not entirely insignificant short story, *Goodnight Irene*, which I had just finished writing. After having read the story, two questions were raised:

"Is this story very personal?"

"Would it be possible to explain what it really means?" Although any meaningful answer would at best be tentative and uncertain — the underlying problem is the understanding of creativity.

Creativity, for man, is the spark resulting from the collision of his two worlds — the private and the public. This meeting of our two spheres of existence is a constant occurrence in our daily lives. The real difference between the artist and the average man is the use and expression of these visionary bits; while the latter allows them — to burn out and disappear — to rest in his memory, the former tries to capture and transform them into a creative form. This created form serves two purposes. For the artist, it becomes a mirror of his own vision and for the public, it becomes a diamond whose edges reflect those moments of his own life which he allowed to vanish.

With the above in mind, several important issues may be confronted. Art becomes too personal and/or too difficult when the reflections of the artistic form come from a source which does not even vaguely represent any of the burnt out embers of the members of the public audience. It is possible and even probable that a person will simply be unable to relate to some art. This does not necessarily imply that the person is unappreciative, nor that the artist is weak (this may or may not be the case). However it does mean that a work of art may appeal to some people and not others — the more sharp cuts in

the reflecting form, the more universal the audience. Contrary to the claim of pure objectivity by many creative people — this assertion is false. The sparks which produce art are always private and hence subjective. Subjective, however, does not always mean exclusive. When the tensions, themes, and emotions of the artistic form touch the public vein — it becomes of public value.

The view, held by many, that the only value of the arts is in its ability to give some aesthetic pleasure, seems to be too narrow. Since art captures and contains the vision of man, (be he beast, God, or average) its use is more general. Art can become a guide in man's existence, reminding him of his most beautiful, fragmentary, horrifying, allusive moments of pleasure and pain, happiness and sorrow.

The problems of the morality squads can also be met and solved. What is pornography, or, when does art stop being art to become something else? Art, when it soars too high turns into religion, when it falls too low turns into pornography. When the artist captures the violent, the sexual, or the erotic sparks of our existence — he translates something which is of ultimate value and importance. Pornography is the failure to capture and translate anything — the true artist never releases pornographic forms because he senses their failure to communicate. Pornography is the product and sign of sickness, a psychiatric problem which has no influence on normal people since it will not reflect their own visions. Religion, the search for the divine, though a struggle of the normal person, leaves no room for art. When the search is successful, it transcends any art and demands a total commitment which is usually more mystical than artistic.

Third Prize Poetry

by Alex URQUHART

METRO ENCOUNTER 1

Old man
I hear ticking at night
Old man
You are shrinking in your shoes;
I hear empty heels
Clack down tunnel catwalks,
I see the light that stains
Reflections
In your myopic stare.
Sorrow is never simple
Old man
Do not relate in your depression style
The depression scene.
The stones you threw at scabs
Have left craters in your cheek;
I read it in the rings
Around your eyes,
Your iron stance
Uncushioned by pneumatic comfort.
Every day I see you
With your black lunchbox
Empty
Because your symbol for a body
Regurgitates the social aphrodisiacs
Of 1966.
Old man
You are history
I can read your tragedy.
You do not have to remember
Happy interludes for me.
Alarms in a night-lit warehouse
Are buttons
To press-on with thumb prints.
There have been evenings,
Moonlit, diaphanous, convertible
To evenings now
The Chrysler 36 rusts in a roadside lot.
Old man
This city of slender legend
Calls like a dream caller
Away from your lesson
To the making of municipal history.

METRO ENCOUNTER 2

I see from your twisted smile
Madam you disapprove
Of my hair being long and unbrushed,
A beard at all.
But I notice
You're not going to let it upset you.
Maybe you'll put it to use;
I saw this boy, you'll say
To your semi-attached husband
Over tonight's chicken
Dark or light meat?
Boots and jeans
And an old blue coat
Coming apart at the shoulder.
But I waited and let you off first
And would have liked you
If I had noticed you
Not noticing me.
There's a lady
I would have said to myself,
Who once had shapely knees
Going home after shopping or working,
But if you threaten me
With threatening you Madam,
I shall confuse you
Standing by at the door
To let you go first
And spoil your story
Giving you moral indigestion
And taking your appetite off
The fowl you prodded
So carefully and suspiciously
In the supermarket.

The Review

published every Friday in the McGill Daily, the Review is a magazine of political, social and cultural comment.

Editor: Stephen Schecter

Assistant Editors Tzip Corber and Barry Tarrhis

Contributors to this issue... Marie Benoit, John French, Allen Goldberg, Ruth Wisse,
and special thanks to Harry Fox.

Apologia Liliith, Laurie, and Ricky

Poetry, Honourable Mention

PHOENIX

by Albert KATZ

wandering now
thru the chasm years
of faded colours and muted songs
i dream
of the throated yells of wild men
wrestling the gods
and drinking of blood
and singing of their honour

and also of fires i dream
blackening into the sky
blown by incantations
long since forgotten
a charcoaled body
the ashen songs
yet hidden deep within that ash
now so cold
still visions of flames
green and red
and of once again the shaping
of a golden beak

THE FUNERAL

by Harry FOX

We were sad
when we went, in black
to see him returned to his native dust.

His beard was white,
his face a marvel of Messianic meaning.

But we were sad
when we went, later, to the house
the soap smeared mirrors
the sombre meal
and comfortless chairs
filled with the suffering mourners.

Recall those happy moments when his vibrant voice
obeyed brilliantly the scholarly commands
of a Talmudic mind.

Recall the festive priestly blessing of three generations
to his people.

Recall the joy of the Sabbath, and
dancing with the Torah, what ecstasy!

Why then, our sadness?

Recall the sweet singer, a king, who for seven days
fasted and prayed and wept for the life
of his child, and when the child died left
the earth and sackcloth to wash and feast
in his royal palace.

Death is no time for grief.
Death should be nature's recall of its royalty,
done up in rapturous odes of unity.
So now when I go, do not be surprised if I wipe
the tears away to shout these hymns for the dead
that they might be heard.

CAMUSURD

by Raymond CHIPENIUK

'Till time stand fixed': an imaged moment
Like a tack to hold a day.
That is one way.
But if the day belonged by its symbolic signature, — or its event, —
To a memorized emotion, a very like some lacquer theme
Audible only to the intellect
In the orchestration of observation —
But if the day were not a day, but a way
And my life ordered, to life organic,
Then, then that has come before has wrought an alteration present
And then by no means memories
Are cysts embedded in past.

DO YOU SMOKE AFTER YOU EAT?

by David KAUFMAN

My coke is almost gone.
They will come for me at any moment —
But I sit and watch the Women
Mothers of our children
Talking their meals.
They nod knowingly:
The fate of the world hangs on their
forks —
A dee-e-licious Nova Scotia-caught-in-the-traps-boiled-
live-in-the-kitchen
Piece of lobster
totters on the brink of consumption;
Forced into their mouths
Down forever, down and down and down...
...and up and up go their
short skirts —
Oh lovely ladies in your short-above-the-knee-skirts —
Into their mouths go the tasty, carefully folded
Legs and delicious thighs, long and lean in
morsels of meat, tender to the palate, served with frosty white
slips showing as skirts inch up to reveal stocking tops covering
dishes of French vanilla ice-cream; spoon after spoon pass between
Legs that are feeding like
Mouths that open and close like
Thighs that grip and chew off
Mouthfuls of
Loinsful of
Eating their men and
Screwing their food
piece after piece after piece...
...Ahh... It tastes deellicious...

An almost blessed event

Red & White on origin of species

by S. Robertson GAGE
Editor-in-Chief

To keep to the metaphor, last night's Red and White delivery denied itself the pill, stole past abortion and settled for a gentle miscarriage.

Gentle is the word, for Mr. Lach and company, with proper respect for a ticklish subject, amused, even delighted, but failed to hit home with the full vibrance of new life.

As the button from Greenwich Village puts it, "to go together is blessed, to come together divine."

If the production didn't quite click, there were plenty of bright spots, and plenty of problems that can easily be ironed out.

The sets were great. Dave Hancock and crew(s) handled drawing room, Mount Royal and even psychedelia with equal style. All this was well complemented with Miss Bienstock's costumes (though much credit must go to ample support from equally ample legs).

Dancing this year was also well above average, though the usual seven veils bit at the opening could have been substituted for just about any other choreographic rite. These kids double in the chorus, which was not so hot. An abundance of zip and pizzazz in the group numbers was wasted on oatmeal articulation. Some of the songs at least had a good deal to say, but one tended to be on the edge of one's seat trying to figure out exactly where it was that man's progeny did originate.

The music was bouncy, but it seems the Red and White is always following the same, gently arching ball. The lyrics varied, often missing the mark by very little. Hopes were high with the "Altruist Song" that this year's review would pick up on social comment and hold a fresh satirical line to the end. It didn't. "Money" started out like "There is Nothing Like a Dame", but moved into its own. "He's So Groovy" was one of the best bits in the production and showed clearly enough that people raised on pop culture work best in their own medium. The title song was catchy and hummable, but said next to nothing (after all there's not much that rhymes with babies except rabies).

Of the principals, it was Heath Walker back again with a wider tie. He is obviously the man for the job, but in his opening number, "It's So Nice" he wasn't on it until the last bars. The part could have been better fitted to the man or vice versa.

Ingrid Lewenstein was perhaps the best voice of the evening. She belted out "Lose My Love" with a conviction that brought the audience out of the waiting room.

Speaking of females and delivery, Marilyn McConnie showed Wagnerian aspirations, if not proportions. Her renditions were good, but lacked projection.

Ron Clavier as Dr. Foab is best remembered for some unfettered acting and good harmony.

The American trio were generally flashy enough to pass for same, Harvey Stark as Dr. Fidels getting the nod as crowd pleaser. Bonnie Brotman was recognizable as a bitchy Yankee, but as much through tedium as through style.

The troika too were commendable. Too bad the old Ruskies couldn't have been handed some new lines for once. The two girls rolled out their darlinks with Garbo grandeur. Of Mr. Chackal's part it can only be said that it was too bad he was wasted on some fractured bardisms.

Tony Evans was memorable in three or four smaller parts, especially the drunken MD. Philippa Parsons molded a few good lines to turn the overdone "shrink" situation into some of the funniest moments in the Revue.

We liked George Steiner, though not so much for Big Daddy as the way he held back an attack on bacchanalian nausea clear across Moyse Hall (He can do Dief too).

Lest we forget, students have no trouble playing parents; and, as we said, the nurses number was camp.

The book for Psst! was in several volumes. The attempt at a synopticon ending did little to pull them together. Skipping from Babylonia to Montreal and back again is kosher, if you pull it off sharply and coherently. Added jump cuts to TV shows, commercials and psychiatrists' offices are okay if you ram them through quickly and caustically. We're still trying to fit in that scene with all the stiffs jerking around and the Mothers of Invention coming through the speakers backwards.

Probably the biggest disappointment of the show was that those of us who haven't taken Biology 100 still don't know where those tads come from.

Compared to last year, Psst! is indeed a blessed event. In the annals of past revues it's another mouth to feed. But as such this Year's Red and White is worth the trip. Go see it.



East meets west as Russian Cosmonauts (left) Jeannette Kuchinsky, Phyllis Angel and Julio Chackal confront Yankee astronauts Brian Albert, Harvey Stark and Bonnie Brotman.



Ingrid Lewenstein warbles "It's So Nice" to Heath Walker.



Roberto Kipp and Peter Goslett (center) clues Heath Walker in on the fact that men are only machines.

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The Wedding...

(Continued from page 3)

regained my vision, I saw a band of middle-aged men in black whose card game I had interrupted. Obviously irritated, they stared at me in concert with one menacing supercilious look. I slowly backed up and retraced my steps through the corridor. I was feeling somewhat frantic, ready to beat a hasty retreat, but as I neared the entrance a caretaker abruptly stopped me in my tracks. "Whatareya lookin' for?" My face collapsed into a helpless look of bewilderment. "The wedding?" I nodded my head frantically, giving a mammoth smile. "Second floor," he said. "Turn right till ya see the Rabbi's study. It's marked right on the door."

The ceremony was already in progress as I entered. Scores of men in glistening dark suits and women in sparkling formal dresses crowded the Rabbi's study. Ahead I caught sight of Sam and Beverley, the bridal couple, under the traditional marriage canopy. Beside them stood Philip looking very engrossed and impressive as best man. "Hey." Somebody poked me between the shoulder blades. "Put something on your head". Cringing, I realized that I had forgotten to bring a yarmulke, a skullcap. I made a frantic show of searching through my pockets, more out of nervousness than anything else, because I knew I had nothing. Finally somebody plopped an unfolded hanky on my head. God, what a sight I must have looked.

The Rabbi was in the midst of his epithalamium. "We are gathered here humbly this afternoon, to partake of a ritual of critical importance in the life of this young man and this young woman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldbloom, pillars of the Jewish community of this city whose contributions to the religious life of this synagogue have been unparalleled."

The Brilliant Sam stood proudly under the marriage canopy, smiling sarcastically at the Rabbi. From all appearances he looked as if he was used to being married every day of the week and twice on Sundays. Rich Beverley, on the contrary, seemed uncomfortable, moving from one foot to another, moved no doubt, by the immense excitement of the moment. Philip looked positively upraised, as if spiritually elevated.

"We of the Jewish people have been accustomed to a hard lot. Through the centuries, we have clung to the spiritual values of our forefathers, clung, through whatever socio-economic context G-d saw fit in which to place us. Here in the marriage ceremony, we symbolize the epic grandeur of our people; for even as our people have clung to the word of G-d, so must you Beverley Goldbloom cling to your husband Samuel; and even as the Lord protected his chosen people, so must you Samuel, love, honor and support your chosen wife, Beverley Goldbloom."

At this point the Brilliant Sam was beginning to look somewhat bored and he seemed to make no attempt to hide it. Beverley, on the other hand, was practically twitching with excitement, almost as if she were about to burst with joy.

As for myself, I was practically fainting. My collar was so tight I could hardly breathe.

"And so Beverley Goldbloom," the Rabbi continued. "You have been chosen to carry out the eternal role of Woman, not merely as a helpmate to your husband, not merely to succour him in time of need, not only to bring forth his children, but to give of yourself; to give of your love and tenderness..." At this point Beverley seemed to be almost hysterically carried away by the Rabbi's eloquence. "...just as your respected parents, pillars of this congregation have given..."

Suddenly, like an explosive commandment of the Lord, an event occurred which cut the Rabbi dead in his tracks. The sound was vibrant, commanding and not in the least ambiguous: Beverley had given out a tremendous fart. In the hushed enclosure of the Rabbi's study there was no doubt of where it had come from. All over the room eyebrows were raised to the ceiling. Expressions were frozen in horror. Even the Rabbi clenched his hand to his mouth before he shrilly began to continue. Nobody else uttered a syllable. It was as if nothing had happened, nothing admissible, and the Rabbi's oration would monotonously continue. The tension was unbearable.

All would have gone well for the performance, flawed only by an unacknowledged gaff, if it hadn't been for another terrible occurrence. The explosion had so stunned me, half fainting in my tight collar, my flabby grey suit and ritual hanky, that I had a vision, a hallucination, if you like. There was no doubt about it: for the first time in my life I actually saw her — my demon of course. Yes, she was female, quite nude and grinning lecherously as she performed an obscene little dance behind the now-frozen Beverley. The shock of seeing her for the first time was too much for me. Blood rushed through the veins and arteries of my neck, my eyes popped out, my collar burst, the borrowed hanky fluttered downward and tremendous, uncontrollable spasms, roars of laughter poured out of my mouth, straight from my stomach, splattered like bile over the carpet, sprinkled the astonished dark suits and the shiny formal gowns, sent the whole chamber echoing and shaking.

After I recovered in the caretaker's office where they had dragged me, I learned that the ceremony had not been completed. Rich Beverley had shrunk out of the room in mortal shame and the Brilliant Sam had followed not five minutes later. The guests, I was happy to learn, took my performance in absolute silence and never again mentioned the incident in public.

Beverley and Sam were eventually joined at a recent civil ceremony in Plattsburgh, N.Y. As I said, neither one of them ever spoke to me again. As for myself, I am now happily settled in a very successful demolitions business. Since that episode, I have never again been unwillingly plagued by my personal demon.

The Greenbriar Boys

Blue grass at the New Penelope

A wonder happened on Monday night. The New Penelope justified its existence. After appealing to an audience of teeny boppers and weaning totters who usually over-populate the club, proprietor Gary Eisencraft has apparently had a turn of heart, having invited The Greenbriar Boys for a two week stay.

The endless metamorphosis of the band has left them John Herald, Frank Wakefield, Eric Weissberg (who is thankfully, finally in a bluegrass group, where he belongs instead of with The Tarriers) and Fred Weiss on bass. What this means, of course, is that the three darlings of folk instrumentalists have been united under one title. Wakefield, whose mandolin playing is commonly considered on a par with that of Bill Monroe (who started the whole thing) displays the speed and clarity of a finely trained classical musician; Weissberg, who has done recordings with Judy Collins, the Clancy Brothers, Cisco Houston and others, has among his credits an impressive degree from the Juillard School of Music, and is understandably one of the most interesting and inventive banjo players one can hear; and John Herald, the third member who is, incidentally, the only original member, provides a solid, driving background on his guitar which can be heard on records behind such people as Ian and Sylvia, Jack Elliot and Jean Ritchie.

Together they make what is surely the most muscular bluegrass music ever to be heard, all of which is a pleasant departure from the fragile sounds produced by Bill Monroe and imitators. Glancing at the new personnel, it's not hard to understand why the Greenbriar Boys' sound is so muscular: Ralph Ringler and Bob Yellin, the original mandolinist and banjoist, used to play pretty, melodic lines as opposed to the intricate technical patterns of their replacements. The band's new-found strength is usually well controlled; however, on occasion the muscles bulge all out of proportion, much like the late Imit-Penn" is an example; so are the new arrangements of "Little Birdie" and "McKinnley" (White House Blues")

ations of Michaelangelos. "Uncle which were, I imagine, instigated by Wakefield, who is the only true hill-billy in the band; for the new arrangements are, really, indicative of the general direction of the band — back to strict bluegrass, which is, or is not a pity, depending on who you are. It seems, though, that the attractiveness of the group's music is that it is, ultimately, a tasteful urbanization of country sounds. And that's how it should be; for as long as they play in rural areas, they are obliged to recognize the fact that their audiences have some measure of sophistication (like it or not). That the Greenbriar Boys do realize this makes their form of bluegrass far more interesting than that of Bill Monroe, for example, who is in danger of being treated like a rare book or a museum piece whenever he performs in big cities. Admittedly, Frank Wakefield has put the band a few steps back into the hills and their recent repertoire lacks most of the quiet, sensitive music that Ralph Ringler generated ("Roll on John", for example, has been dropped), but the group still performs many ragtime numbers and others which no one would want to call strict bluegrass. In fact, John Herald goes so far as to sing "Different Drums" written by Mike Nesmith, a member of The Monkees. But it's all done in a bluegrass idiom; that is, Weissberg seldom departs from the three-finger picking style of playing banjo, Herald's flat-picking and runs are usually based on traditional bluegrass lines and the harmonies are always clean and closely-knit.

Bluegrass music is probably one of the easiest things to play badly, and also one of the hardest to play well, for its cliché-ridden form, on one hand, makes it relatively simple to learn but on the other, offers stubborn resistance against innovation. The Greenbriar Boys have obviously risen above the cliché with the result of an intelligent and tasteful brand of music.

Appearing on the same program with the Greenbriar Boys is Penny Lang.

Chaim TANNENBAUM

Buffalo drops gauntlet on Boardroom carpet

"The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things: of sailing ships and sealing-wax..."

With these words, head coach Sandy (Buffalo) Gage of the Daily Thursday challenged the Students' Council to the 100th annual Toilet Bowl football game, scheduled to take place on the Lower Campus at 1 p.m., Wednesday, February 15.

Although the contest is the one-hundredth in the classic series, only five games have actually been played within the memory of figure filbert Myron Galloway.

The Dailymen guided by Patrick (Big Red) MacFadden, walked out from beneath the shadow of the ice palace last year with a 0-6 victory against Sharon (Bronco) Sholzberg's Councillors.

This year's tilt shows signs of being the greatest in the

history of the game—originated when a half-crazed soccer player picked up the ball during a game at Rugby in England and danced down the field—and may even put the recent NFL-AFL Super Bowl in the background.

The Politicians, led by Arnie (Doc) Aberman although Gentleman Jim McCoubrey is listed as the squad's coach, feature a line shifted to the right, with inside runner Ian McLean toting the ball from the backfield.

The Journalists' defence is ideally matched to the Mahogany Men's formation. Warm-bearded Stephen Schecter and Powerful Pete Allnutt anchor a strong flush left setup that includes a large number of veteran typewriter-hackers.

U of M takes 82 - 68 decision

JV cagers suffer first setback

by RALPH COVIENSKY

Outfought, outbounced, and outscored, the Indian basketball team dropped a 82 - 68 decision to the University of Montreal Carabins Wednesday night.

The Indians started slowly but worked their way to a 21-15 lead midway in the first stanza with yeoman work of Andy Orris under the backboards and along the baseline providing most of the markers. The Tribe could not hold this margin and the Carabins took the lead at 23-21, never to look back.

U of M won their game on a spectacular first half performance by Pierre Brodeur who accumulated 23 points in the 20 minute period. Mike Clugston, who by far is the most improved member of the squad, was given the responsibility of shadowing the shifty Brodeur in the second half and held the 6'3" guard to only 12 points. However, the Carabins increased their half-time lead of eight points and won walking away.

Just as the Indians' previous six straight league wins were team victories, the loss was taken by the full team. Only two bright spots were evident in the match that blemished the team's undefeated record.

Mike Clugston started in Jack Wessel's spot and played a strong two-way game for 10 points and Andy Orris hit for 18 points showing no evidence of the strained muscle in his knee.

In the first game against the Carabins, Steve Hurley hit for 31 points all from the same spot on the floor, however, in this game Hurley was completely cold, garnering only 12 markers, many of his shots coming no closer to the bucket than Lew Alcindor to McGill.

Vinny Lloyd got seven points by gunning from the head of

the key with most shots hitting the backboard and the luckier ones bouncing off the rim. Steve Fraid had 13 points to his credit but more often than not he was shooting outside his range.

This is not the Indians' first bad game but they have been lucky in the others by meeting pitifully weak teams. Ever since their initial victories the Indians have come out playing as if they were saying, "We know we're great. You show us how good you are." It's unfortunate they did this one too many times.

Redmen splashers host weekend meet of six water teams

The Redmen swimmers have a good chance to improve a record of two defeats in their last two weeks as they host five teams in the McGill Invitational swim meet tonight and tomorrow at the Currie pool.

Laval, U de M and Sir George, who were beaten by the Redmen in meets before Christmas, as well as Loyola and CMR will take part in the biggest home meet of the season for the swimmers.

Trial heats will start at 5 pm, this afternoon to determine who will compete in the finals to be held between 8-9 pm tonight.

Tomorrow there will be more heats from two to four in the afternoon and the remaining final events will take place between seven and nine Saturday night.

Team captain Bob Bourne is confident the Redmen will come out on top and even hinted that a big victory was possible. Bourne, who has yet to lose a 500 yard freestyle race this year, recently set a Currie pool record in the grueling event.

Against the powerful Vermont swim team he won the 500 by half a pool length and should do it again tonight. Rainer Macguire and Chris Mueller have been showing winning form in the last two meets.

Macguire broke the team record in the 200 yard freestyle last week and won the event by over half a pool length at Vermont while Mueller won the 50 yard freestyle against the All-stars and was beaten by inches in last Saturday's meet.

Then there are the diving kings, Peter Smith and Roy Gravel, who rarely lose. Gravel brought gasps of awe followed by loud applause from Vermont's partisan crowd as he made some excellent dives to win the diving contest.

With fine performances from these stars and as well as the rest of the team the Redmen should sink everyone by Saturday night.

—MUIR



*THE ALE THAT GOES
WITH ACTION*



Gaels obstruct playoff path

By NORM BELL

The basketball Redmen will be fighting for their OQAA Easter Division playoff lives tonight when they take on the league leading Queen's Golden Gaels in the Currie Gym at 8:30 pm.

The Gaels are undefeated in their two league games to date and hold an 82-47 victory over Coach Tom Mooney's charges two weeks ago in Kingston. Since that game, however, the Redmen have picked themselves up and run off three straight wins including a last minute 81-80 triumph over U of M and two exhibition victories.

The Red and White will be without the services of starter Mike Aneckstein, who suffered a broken leg in the last minute of Wednesday's 91-86 pasting of Fort Kent State.

The loss of Aneckstein, who averaged 16 points for his three league appearances, places even greater scoring pressure on fellow gold-duster Shelly Zimmer

and Sam Wimisner, his probable replacement.

The Golden Gaels, defending division champions, feature a lightning-fast break and the scoring of diminutive guard Doug Fraser and his partner in crime, Pete Scobie. Fraser, who stands a short 5'5", led the Gaels attack two weeks ago when he flipped in 14 points. The four other Gael starters also reached double figures.



SHELLY ZIMMER

Big load on his shoulders

The Redmen hold a share of the division lead going into tonight's action. Laval, Queen's and the Redmen have each amassed four points but in the all-important loss column, the Gaels hold a one-game lead on the Redmen and a two-game bulge over the Rouge et Or.

With only the top team in the division advancing to the playoffs the Red and White need a victory over the high-flying Queen's quintet to keep their

(continued on page 7)

Wrestlers record victory over Paul Smith College

by MURRAY SEGAL

The Redmen Wrestling Team recorded their fourth straight victory of the season against no defeats this past Wednesday night at Paul Smith College by defeating the American squad 23-20.

Coach Al Turnbull was extremely pleased with his team's performance as this marked the squad's first victory over Paul Smith by the Redmen in seven years.

The noisy crowd of over 250 fans was well-satisfied at the start of the night as Redmen wrestlers Basil Zafirou, Peter Ross, and Grant Tingley were pinned quickly, no doubt aided by inconsistent refereeing.

From then on wrestler Larry Barron's comments and facial grimaces proved to be the only source of amusement as the Redmen won five matches in a row before being pinned.

Defeat seemed inevitable as the score stood 17-2 in favour of Paul Smith following Phil Lancaster's draw. But Bruce Ross' pin created the needed spark as the Redmen roared back sweeping the remaining matches in a row before heavy-weight Andress Berzins became the victim of "new" rules.

Ross' action and comment that "Americans can be beaten", provided the lift as grapplers Ron Stoodley, Larry Barron, and Jim Winslow were victorious with "exchange student" Pavel de Liamchin easily winning his match on points.

Met Matter: The trip back was highlighted by the accompaniment of three young females who were picked up while stranded at the border crossing. Upon looking over the chivalrous Redmen, the prettiest of the three, a go-go dancer by trade named Gin (no foolin') chose to sit beside none other than suave Coach Alan Turnbull.

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Breaks power Loyola over luckless Indians

By SEYMOUR KAUFMAN

"It's a tough game to lose but — we should have won this one," said head coach Len McDougall after his hockey Indians had bowed to the still undefeated Loyola Braves 5-3 in a hard-fought game Wednesday night at the Winter Stadium.

McDougall's bitterness stemmed from the fact that the Tribe easily came up with their best effort of the season. The squad was up for this contest but were perhaps a little too anxious as Loyola proved the lucky opportunists capitalizing on the few errors the Tribe committed.

The Indians on the other hand were continually plagued by bad breaks and some fine clutch and sometimes lucky goaltending by the Braves' Peter Rassenti.

Loyola struck quickly pumping three goals by Rinaldo Della Porta, Dave Hedgecoe and Bill Doyle, behind Tribe goalie Al Clevin in the first ten minutes. It looked as if the Braves would massacre the Tribe until Loyola's John Donnelly decide to poke his stick into Mike Stacey's face,

cutting Stacey and drawing a well-deserved five minute major.

The stick in the face routine was one of the Braves' chief tactics throughout the night. Top hatchetmen included Graham Nevin and Jean Paul Roitelle, the latter more interested in head hunting than in playing hockey.

Indians stage comeback

With the five minute advantage the Tribe forwards finally dented the impervious Loyola defence. Gilles Schipper, who, with Howie Smith were the best two defencemen on the ice, carried a point drive off a Loyola defender past a handcuffed Rassenti. Pete Kneeland deflected a Britt Doherty shot four minutes later and Rick Walker poked in a loose puck behind a sleeping Rassenti.

The Indians continued to press and controlled the third period play but the goal scoring belonged to Loyola as Denny Maloney and badman Nevin connected to put the game on ice.

Even in defeat the entire Indian team played admirably. The second line of Ken Sutherland, Britt Doherty and Bill Seltz, before he was almost decapitated by probably the only unintentional Loyola high stick by Bernie Austin, snapped out of a slight slump and skated rings around the Braves.

The first line of Stacey, Kneeland and Walker were their usual spectacular selves and a few kind words should be saved for Bob Crutchfield, Doug Crossley, Les Rombough, Mike Corber and goalie Clevin who played his best twenty minutes of the season in the second stanza as he turned aside thirteen Loyola shots.

The Indians' record now stands at two wins and five losses and with Sir George gaining a point by tying Université de Montréal Tuesday night, the Tribe now find themselves five points out of a playoff berth. However as Gilles Schipper put it, "the way the team is playing now it's all the way to the playoffs for us."

Redman...

(continued from page 6)

hopes alive. A victory for Queen's would virtually assure the Gaels a playoff position.

The Red and White have been improving rapidly in the last two weeks and played one of their best games of the year Wednesday night against the American invaders from Maine's Fort Kent State University.

The Red and White put on their finest ball-handling exhibition of the season in the first half as they raced to a 17-point intermission edge before the Bengals could get untracked. The Maine squad came roaring back and knotted the score at 7-8 before the hot hitting Redmen put it out of reach.

Zimmer and Aneckstein paced the attack with 29 and 25 points respectively while Dave Leibson chipped in with 16. Roger Wood with 30 points and Stirling Leblanc with 22 paced the Maine Bengals, who had the honor of becoming the first "foreign" team to be topped by the Redmen this year.

The Red and White will have to put together another excellent performance tonight if they are to take up the slack left by Aneckstein's injury and dump the Kingston Kids.

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Spotlighting... "the Fang"

By DAVE CARIN

rick moore

Some fathers who are really keen on getting their kids interested in hockey at an early age shower them with skates, sticks, protective equipment of plenty of encouragement. Rick Moore, one of the big guns on this year's Redmen squad, got all this and more — his father even provided him with his own skating rink in his back yard.

It's not hard to understand then, why Rick blossomed into an outstanding hockey player, and more recently, an important cog in the big Red Machine's playoff drive. The talented left winger is enjoyed his third year with the Red-shirts and is currently among the league's top scorers.

Rick played most of his minor hockey with Lower Canada College and was so much better than his classmates that he played in an older age-group league. After his senior year of high school, he was offered several hockey scholarships, including one from the Toronto Maple Leafs Organization and an offer from Dartmouth University. However, he chose to come to McGill to pursue his B.A. and play his hockey for the Indians and later the Redmen.

Rick is currently enrolled in his first year of Law School and is looking forward to playing with the Redmen as long as he's here. However he does point out that it's no picnic, attending both classes and practice requires a great deal of time and a lot of extra reading.

Moore, who is the biggest member of the Red and White, stands 6'2" and weighs in at 190

pounds. Speaking of his bigger than average hulk, Rick said that "size is to my advantage in the corners and in front of the net." When asked whether or not he considers himself the ice squad's answer to George Springate, he replied:

"My type of hockey hasn't been a policeman's style of hockey. I've always felt the bigger players are the less chippy ones... it's the smaller guys that never wave their sticks in your face."

Moore is well up in the Redmen goalgetting standings and has scored at least twice this year with a shot that must have stunned the opposing goaltenders. The puck travelled through the air at an agonizingly slow pace, flitting through arms and legs before coming to rest against the mesh. Rick calls it "the blooper" and labels it as a desperation shot, used only when he doesn't have a chance to set up a slap shot.

When he is in a good position to shoot, as he often is when he's used on the power play, Rick likes to throw all his weight behind his curved stick and blast a slap shot from the point.

"I like to power the puck at the goalie," says the "Fang", "I don't believe in just shooting it. I like to put it through him if I can."

Likes to rag the puck

Rick has been around the league long enough not to get tagged with cheap penalties, but he does spend a lot of time killing off those of his teammates. He looks upon the penalty killing job as a real challenge. "If our team is down two men and I'm on the ice, I just want to show the other team that they're not going to score. I like to rag the puck... it just gives me a great thrill to thwart the opposition."

Rick picked up the nickname "Fang" at a recent game, when he became involved in a mid-ice brawl. His helmet shoved back on his head, and his sweater all askew, Moore was enough to strike terror into even the strongest of mortals. Thus, the tag "Fang", a tribute to his lively spirit and aggressive type of game.

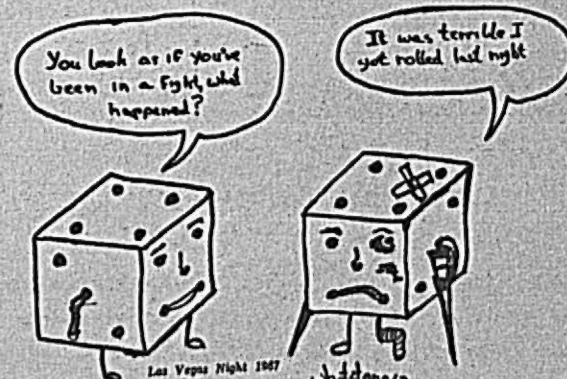
Rick had a couple of interesting observations about the Senior Intercollegiate Hockey League, as compared with the OHA Junior loop.

"The guys that play in the two leagues are two entirely different animals. Most of the fellows in this league see their limitations, while most of the guys in the OHA dream about playing in the National League. As for the calibre of plays in the college circuit, you've got to remember that studying at McGill and staying up to two or three o'clock in the morning isn't exactly conducive to keeping in top shape."

No pro ambition

"I think that there are several skaters in this league who could make it in the big time, Johnny Taylor is one of them, and if they had time to train and skate several hours a day, they'd improve fifty per cent."

The "Fang" was once keen on playing professionally, but now he is bent on getting married and eventually going into the world of business. If he conducts himself with half the proficiency he flashes on the ice, he'll survive.



McGill, UGEQ and the new nationalism

by PIERRE FOURNIER

The New Nationalism

Perhaps the single most important recent development in Quebec society has been the progressive shift from a negative French-Canadian nationalism to a positive Quebec nationalism.

Admittedly, by identifying nation and state, this new nationalism has increased the possibility of separatism; however, from an English point of view, it is much more flexible and manageable.

The ideology of "la survivance" provided for an essentially reactionary and passive nationalism. The accent was placed on religion, race and culture. Predominantly symbolic in nature, it was centered around the church and family. It proposed no remedies to the Canadian problem and did not hesitate to make the English the root of all evil.

By contrast, the new nationalism is reaching beyond "la survivance". Its aims are social and economic development in Quebec.

The inevitable result of this change in focus has been to force Canada to take a back seat. More specifically, this means that French Canada no longer exists in the minds of many Québécois. This is evidenced by the tendency in recent years to give up French-Canadian minorities outside Quebec as lost. The B & B conception of Canada has thus decreased considerably in the minds of most Quebecers.

The essentially activist nature of the new nationalism required new modes and institutions. Inevitably, now that individual and collective wealth had been put into proper focus, the Québécois would find himself in direct competition with the English element.

To accomplish his goals, the Québécois had two clear alternatives: competition on an individual level, or collective action through institutions. Somewhat impatient and insecure in his new environment, the Québécois has chosen the state as the principal means to attain his ends. Faced with the super-concentration of ownership in Canadian industry, and the inevitable slowness of private industry's ladder process, most looked towards the state as the means to eventual control over the economy and resources.

But why the Quebec state rather than Canada? The reason is quite simple. Most Quebecers do not feel they have a chance to influence significantly the larger realm. This tendency to look at the Quebec state for salvation has been strengthened by the relative impotence of the federal government in the last decade.

Perhaps the most vital development of "la Révolution Tranquille" has been the emergence of a non-political bureaucracy. Pragmatic and efficient, these men embody the ideals of the new nationalism.

On the subject of the constitution, they declare themselves ready to work for Quebec goals on a day-to-day basis, rather than worrying about a structure or "produit final". Federalism, co-oper-

ative or not, has proved adaptable. Separatism they consider as "dépassé", for "it is not the logical conclusion of what we are now doing". As Eric Kierans put it in an article in *Parallèle*, "The emphasis in Quebec is on doing, managing, innovating and changing... the conflict between Quebec and Ottawa has attracted national headlines, but the real changes in Quebec have followed a comprehensive examination of existing institutions and structures."

The aim of state building is progress and growth, not race. Thus, there is no question of "throwing the English out", or substituting a French élite for an English one.

Here are some representative quotes from Quebec civil servants:

— "The English Quebecers will be forced to become a minority; it will be very new for them psychologically to feel that they are a minority. In the past, the fact that they controlled the province economically and that they had a huge majority on the continent, gave them a majority complex and attitude."

— "The English minority in Quebec will have to become more Québécois. There is no question of assimilating it. They should not take the attitude of a minority trying to fight for its rights. The majority of Quebecers are against the oppression of the English minority."

To sum up: "The future of Quebec lies not in theories or books, but in action. It lies in the IBM computer, in a technocracy working in the concrete. If the left means decisions and progress, that is where we are and must be heading."

McGill in Quebec Society

Clearly, McGill's future in the province is closely linked to that of the English minority. The university grants controversy is all the more vital, in that, for the first time in its history, the English minority has been made aware, in a concrete manner, that it is partly dependent on Quebec for its own survival.

The period of national consolidation and programmed expansion which Quebec is going through has produced some degree of narrowmindedness, which is almost inevitably a by-product of nationalism. This is not to suggest that the McGill grant was discriminatory, but rather that it was based, as far as I can determine, on certain assumptions that a fully mature community would not have been prepared to make.

Thus, when Quebec goals and the welfare of the state are the only criteria, McGill's grant is easily explainable. The fact that 25% of McGill students come from outside Quebec and that many graduates from Quebec choose to work outside the province, causes a dollar invested at l'U. de M. to reap more profits than a dollar invested at McGill. The soundness of this materialistic conception as applied to a "com-

munity of scholars" is debatable; but it is a perfectly logical policy if the goal is to optimize research allocations.

There can be no doubt that one of the most appealing and valuable aspects of McGill is its cosmopolitan nature. The Quebec people, however, are far from being persuaded that the prestige such a university brings is really worth it.

The solution to McGill's problems should take the form of a long-range policy, rather than daily explanations of McGill's needs and other forms of agitation. This would tend to become monotonous after a while.

It is vital that McGill show its contribution to Quebec: directly, through graduates and research, and indirectly, by acting as "interpreter" between Quebec and Canada. Would it not be an affirmation of McGill's sincerity if it dared to take a stand tomorrow on the raw deal which the French minorities are getting outside Quebec? While it would be rude to insist, is there not some sort of connection between the position of the English minority in Quebec and the fact that French education is virtually outlawed in the west and Ontario?

This problem is further complicated by the new activism which Quebec society, through the state, is showing in education. Being called upon to finance a constantly increasing percentage of university costs, it is normal for the government to demand more control over the universities.

It is important that the purely academic sphere, as opposed to the administrative, should remain outside government influence. Hopefully, teachers and students will be called upon to play a more important role in this sphere.

Here again, the opinions of the civil servants leave little doubt that universities in Quebec can no longer act as private corporations:

— "The government should have complete administrative control. It should have the right to gear the educational system (through special grants and loans to students) to its own priorities. But it should have no influence in the academic sphere."

— "As temporary policy, we can accept that the government offer subsidies to private institutions. However, when the government becomes the main interpreter of the public good, it is its duty to make known to the university the needs of the society."

The Student: A Changing Role

The birth of student syndicalism is both a cause and a consequence of a broadening of the student's outlook, of his increasing awareness of the problems of the community in which he lives. Ideally, the students should come to consider his interests in the light of the well-being of society as a whole.

Student syndicalism postulates that students should act as a pressure group in society. Especially in the light of the growing importance of governmental activities, acting as a group taking stands on a wide range of issues, particularly those concerning education, are the only ways to achieve a healthy 'démocratie de participation'.

With the lowering of the voting age, the student is more likely than ever to have a substantial influence on the government lobby. Recognizing this, the Union Nationale government has recently formalized its links with UGEQ through the creation of an advisory board. Concrete achievements as yet are few. However the government has seen the need to consult, i.e., the loans and bursaries bill did contain some concessions to UGEQ views.

Most student leaders admit that student syndicalism has a long way to go before achieving maturity. To date the prevalent form of syndicalism has been "syndicalism by crisis". Which means that student syndicates have tended to play exclusively a protest role. UGEQ's well-received brief to the Education Ministry, entitled "Democratization of University Education", proves that there exist other means than noisy demonstrations.

McGill and UGEQ

In the first section of this article the impression may have been given that the new concept of nationalism was unanimous. Such, however, is not the case.

Quite the contrary. There is still a large segment of the society which has maintained a basically anti-English "nationalisme de survivance" mentality. I am thinking particularly of certain elements of the Société Saint-Jean Baptiste, certain elements of the Ralliement National and Crédit Social, and even a group of student leaders at l'Université de Montréal.

It is in this light that McGill's entry into UGEQ becomes vital. UGEQ is one of the arenas in which the conflict between nationalisms is taking place. By joining UGEQ McGill can throw its weight behind progressive elements of that association and ensure their dominance.

A prevalent and rather unfortunate argument against joining UGEQ has been that "we will become a minority and be swamped in every vote by the French majority."

For those who attended last year's UGEQ Congress, it was obvious that assembled together were not two races but two groups, which for simplification's sake could be called conservative and reformist.

No, you can not be expected to become French-Canadian nationalists. However, surely we can find a common ground in trying to build our society. Economic growth, social welfare and equality of opportunity are far more vital in the long run than racial division.